In all respects by me: nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, goe you to her ere you goe to bed,
Acquaint her here with my sonne *Paris* love,
And bid her, marke you me, on wednesday next:
But soft, what day is this?

Paris. Monday, my Lord.

Ca. Monday, ha, ha, well wednesday is too soone;
A thursday let it be, a thursday tell her
Shee shall be married to this noble Earle:
Will you be ready? doe you like this haste?
Wee'll keepe no great adoe, a friend or two:
For harke you, *Tibalt* being slaine so late,
It may be thought we held him carelesly,
Being our kinsman, if we revell much:
Therefore wee'll have some halfe a dozen friends,
And there an end: But what say you to Thursday?

Paris. My Lord, I would that thursday were to morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone, a thursday be it then:
Goe you to *Juliet* ere you goe to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.
Farewell my Lord: light to my chamber ho,
Afore me: it is so very late, that we may call it early by and by.
Goodnight.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo *and* Juliet *aloft.*

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet neare day:
It was the Nightingale and not the Larke,
That pearc't the fearefull hollow of thine eare;
Nightly she sings on yond Pomegranate tree:
Beleeve me love it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Larke, the herald of the morne,
No Nightingale: looke love what envious streakes
Doe lace the severing clouds in yonder East:
Nights candles are burnt out, and jocond day
Stands tip-toe on the misty mountaines tops:
I must be gone and live, or stay and dye.

Jul. Yond light is not day-light, I know it I:

It is some Meteor that the sunne exhale,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.
Therefore stay yet, thou needest not be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'n, let me be put to death,
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
Ile say yon gray is not the mornings eye,
'Tis but the pale reflexe of *Cinthia's* brow.
Nor that is not the Larke whose notes doe beat
The vanity heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay than will to goe,
Come death and welcome, *Juliet* wills it so.
How ist my soule? let's talke, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone away;
It is the Larke that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharpes.
Some say the Larke makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us.
Some say the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
O now I would they had 'chang'd voices too,
Since arme from arme that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with Huntsup to the day.
O now be gone, more light and light it growes.

Rom. More light and light, more darke and darke our woes.

Enter Madam and Nurse.

Nurs. Madam.

Jul. Nurse.

Nurs. Your Lady mother is comming to your chamber,
The day is broke, be wary, looke about.

Jul. Then window let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell, one kisse and Ile descend.

Jul. Art thou gone so love, Lord, ay husband, friend?
I must heare from thee every day in the houre,
For in a minute there are many dayes.
O by this count I shall be much in yeeres,
Ere I againe behold my *Romeo*.